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EXHIBITION AND PRIVATE SALE
OF

OIL PAINTINGS

By MARIA J. C. BECKETT

and BERTHA von HILLERB,

AT

Williams & Everett's Gallery, 508 Washington St.

From Friday, Jan. 25, to Saturday Feb. 2, 1884.

IN THE Eighth Century there dwelt in a Castle on the Rhine, a young couple—Count Siegfried and Genoveva of Brabant,—whose sorrowful history has been handed down through an old Latin Chronicle written by Count Siegfried's Secretary, from which have been drawn the two most important Paintings of the Collection. Others have been painted directly from nature in the neighborhood of the Artists' Summer-Studio in the Valley of the Shenandoah, or from a shorting-trip along the line of the picturesque Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, from Virginia to the West.

PAINTINGS BY MARIA J. G. BECKET.

1. Saint Genoveva and the Child "Dolor" in the Forest.

During a long absence of Count Siegfried, forced on him by a war—his innocent wife Genoveva was thrown into a dungeon, where their only child was born. Taking her stone jug of water she baptized the child, calling him "Dolor," ("Sorrow,") and consecrating him to God. One night, soon after, two Executioners entered her cell, and ordered her to follow them, through a long underground passage, whence they emerged into a vast forest. When about to kill them, Genoveva's prayers at last prevailed and they made her swear not to try to find her way back to betray them, and left her alone in the desolate night. Trembling with fatigue, hunger, cold and fear, the child shivering in her arms, she crouched at the foot of a tree, praying to God to protect and care for her, while wolves howled and the fierce wind whistled and groaned through the trees. When the gray light of morning came, she wandered on with painful effort, until, just as she was about to sink with fatigue, she found a rude cave which proved to be the abode of a Hind whose young had just been killed by a wild beast. The gentle creature, permitted the child to nurse it, and from that day became their faithful companion during the seven years passed in the forest. The first winter was terrible, but when summer came, Genoveva used to sit in the shade at the foot of a tree, the little boy in her lap, in happy innocence, laughing and crowing his baby talk to the birds which hopped about fearlessly at their feet, throwing them seeds his mother put into his little hands, dancing and springing with joy; how grateful was the poor mother's heart that God had given her the marvelous comfort of this dear child in her solitude.

2. The Medley of a Dream, (after reading Ovid)
3. Evening on Lost River, Va.
4. Old Oak near Woodstock, Md.
5. Camping Ground near Cedar Creek, Va.
6. Evening on Mossy River, Va.

7. Old Homestead on Tumbling Run, Va.
8. Twilight, Cheat River, Va.
9. The Norse Woods at North Mountain, Va.
10. Possumpsic River, Vt.
11. Interior with Sheep.

PAINTINGS BY BERTHA VON HILLERN.

12. Saint Genoveva and Count Siegfried.

The Old Latin Chronicle says that in the seventh year of her life in the forest, Genoveva fell very ill and fearing she would die, she told Dolor the sad story of how they came to be in this wilderness, telling him also how to find his way out of the forest to his father's castle. The poor little fellow wept and prayed her not to leave him, and the good God seemed to have pity on him, for after a time Genoveva began slowly to recover strength.—Count Siegfried had discovered how cruelly he had been deceived, and his remorse was so great for the death of his wife and child, that his friends feared for his reason. In hunting he found his only distraction from the black melancholy which oppressed him. One day, having penetrated into an unknown part of the forest, he saw the Hind and gave chase, until it ran panting to the cave. Dolor hearing the frightened rush of the Hind, came to meet it, and when the Count saw this beautiful boy clad in a deer-skin garment, like a young "Saint John the Baptist in the Wilderness," when he saw within the cave the pale face of Genoveva, he believed it to be a spectre, and called out to her, "If you be mortal, come out into the light!" Dolor sprang before him.—"Mother! is this one of those bad men who wished to kill you? do not fear that he will harm you! I shall not permit it; he shall kill me first." "No! Dolor, it is your dear father come to find us," she said, and when the Count realized that it was not a dream; that he had indeed found his Genoveva; that the princely boy whose noble, blooming face was

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the living image of his own, was his son, he fell on his knees and thanked God for his wonderful Providence. Then making the forest ring with the blast of his hunting-horn, in a few minutes horsemen came riding madly in, and some constructed a litter of boughs, on which to carry the emaciated form of Genoveva out of the forest; while others galloped in wild haste to the castle to make preparations to receive their Lady. The faithful Hind followed its mistress to the castle, and remained until the death of Genoveva, soon after, when it lay upon her grave, refusing to eat or move, and there died of grief. The Count built a Chapel and a Monastery near the cave, and Dolor became a Monk and the Abbot of the place.

13. September day in the Woods at Harper's Ferry.
14. Evening Prayer at the Wayside Shrine, Germany.
15. Old Birches on the Island of Grand Menan, New Brunswick.
16. Woods on the Battle-ground of Cedar Creek, Va.
17. September Afternoon near Milwaukee, Wis.
18. Autumn Woods near Fostoria, Ohio.
19. Evening on the River, Indiana.
20. Sheep-pasture near Charlestown, W. Va.
21. The "Summer-Studio" in Virginia. (illustration on first page.)